

out like a drunken fury, yet
 every one
 of its flowers delicate]/
 perfect.

General

But, Sire, this cannot go on
 for ever.
 You have other duties. The
 minister
 has been sending me message
 after
 message, entreating me to
 help you
 to see how this war is ruining
 your
 country.

Vikram

I cannot see anything else
 in the
 world but what is growing
 under my
 masterly hands. Oh, the
 music of
 swords! Oh, the great
 battles, that
 clasp your breast tight like
 hard em-
 braces of love ! Go, General,
 you have
 other works to do,—your
 advices
 flash out best on the points of
 your
 swords. (GENERAL *goes.*) This
 is
 deliverance. The bondage
 has fled
 of itself, leaving the prisoner
 free.
 Revenge is stronger than
 the thin